

European Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S SUMMER CRUISE.—The Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, and her tender, the Fairy, have been reported ready for the Royal service. We believe her Majesty and Prince Albert will proceed to Osborne on Tuesday next, and very shortly after will proceed on a cruise round the kingdom of Great Britain, visiting the Land's End, west coast of England and Scotland, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and the Hebrides and eastward returning home. (Standard.)

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—The Royal visit to Scotland is expected to take place about the 12th of the ensuing month. Her Majesty and her Royal Highness Prince Albert will, it is stated, be accompanied by Earl Grey and other noblemen. It is thought that Lord John Russell will be unable to accompany the party, owing to his election engagements.

MR. ROEBUCK.—It is stated in the Morning Chronicle that in the event of Sir D. Peel retiring from the chief-justiceship of Bombay, Mr. Roebuck, M. P., will succeed him. We are authorized to state that Mr. Roebuck will not accept any appointment which will require him to retire from the House of Commons. (Sun.)

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—Brussels, July 2, 1847.—The Rev. Father Maces, Professor of Natural History in the College of La Paroisse, at Namur, has just made a discovery of great scientific importance. Guided by his theory of electricity, the first intuition of which is found in a notice printed in the bulletin of the Royal Academy, No. 5, he has, it is asserted, succeeded in transforming the solar light into electricity. His apparatus, which is extremely simple, spoke several times under the influence of the light, and remained motionless without the influence of all the other circumstances remaining the same. Even when one witness the phenomenon, one scarcely ventures to trust one's own eyes; yet the indications of electricity are evident. As soon as the professor shall have made known his theory, which he is now engaged in drawing up, anybody will be able to convince himself of the reality of the surprising fact. (This account is vague, but it is, in fact, remarkable.)—(Literary Gazette.)

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—The Rev. Theophilus Mathew, better known as Father Mathew, a pension of £300 a year. Lord John Russell who communicated the fact of the Rev. gentleman's statement that Her Majesty conferred that mark of her Royal bounty upon him in consideration of his services, he had made for the promotion of morals, and the services he had rendered thereby to the poorer classes—indeed to all classes—of his fellow countrymen. In addition to the pension of £100 a year, so graciously conferred by the Queen from the Civil List upon the children of the late lamented Thomas Hood, Her Majesty has granted a pension of £200 per annum, for his life, to Mr. Leigh Hunt, from the same fund, in consideration of his many brilliant contributions to English literature.

The following letter to the widow of Dr. Chalmers will show that the ministry have added to the above list another case of a most unexceptionable character, while, as in these other cases also, the becoming remarks of Lord John Russell are an enhancement of the gift.

Chesham Place, June 22, 1847.

"Madam—I have the satisfaction of informing you that the Queen, taking into her consideration the piety, eloquence, and learning of the late Dr. Chalmers, has been pleased to command that a pension of £200 per annum should be settled upon you and your daughters out of Her Majesty's Civil List.

"Allow me to add, that I trust that this act of the Queen may render the remainder of your life as tolerable as the loss of so eminent and excellent a partner will permit.—I am, &c.,

"JOHN RUSSELL."

IRELAND.

NEW LORD LIEUTENANT.—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant made his first public appearance on Friday, accompanied by Lady Clarendon, at the exhibition of Irish manufactures. He was received in the board-room of the Royal Dublin Society by a very great assemblage of the chief dignitaries, nobility, and gentry of the city. An address was read in which very flattering allusions were made to the claims of his lordship's house on the consideration of Ireland. His Excellency's reply afforded unmitigated pleasure to the large assemblage, and augurs well for the popularity of his government.

The Belfast News Letter says, that Mr. Sheridan Knowles indignantly declined the offer of Lord John Russell to settle on him a pension of £100 a year.

Plundering of Grain on the Irish Coast.—Letters received from Westport and Sligo, dated Thursday, state that the Ranger from Liverpool had been plundered of 150 barrels of Indian meal, and that the ship Richard Watson, from New York, had been boarded and robbed of 1000 bushels of corn.

Dissolution of Boards of Guardians.—

An official document from the poor-law commissioners shows that the Earl of Lucan, Lord Kilmaine, Sir Roger Palmer, and other landed proprietors in the union of Castlebar, are amongst "the most considerable defaulters" to the poor rate in that district, which has acquired so infamous a notoriety from the shutting of the doors of the work-house in the midst of a devouring famine. All possible efforts, in the way of remonstrance, had been unavailingly made to induce the guardians—the old board as well as that elected in March last—to compel those titled defaulters to pay up their arrears. The commissioners have accordingly, sent down an order to dissolve this contumacious board, and appoint paid officers to do the duties, (which the amended act empowers them to do,) and the defaulters and their supporters, who left the poor to starve, are highly, but impotently, indignant at being thus ousted.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

New York, August 1st.

Accounts from Mexico in relation to Peace Commissioners, are very conflicting. Later dates from the city of Mexico, via Tampico, say nothing about them. There was no quorum in Congress on the 12th, the propositions of Mr. Trist were still pending before that body on the previous day, at which time Gen. Scott had not moved towards the Capital. Gen. Pillow's command had joined Gen. Santa Anna had again resigned his office, and his resignation had been refused. [From the N. O. Delta, July 22.]

FROM BRAZOS ST. JAGO. The U. S. steamship Telegraph, from Brazos St. Jago, 15th inst., arrived last night. By her we have the Matamoros flag to the 17th inst.

A party of three of our citizens, says the flag, left here about three weeks since, accompanied by a Mexican, on an excursion into the country to purchase mules. The Mexican returned on the 15th and reported that the party had been made prisoners by Carabaja, near San Carlos. Mr. Lundy the only American is said to have been roughly treated, the other two (Frenchmen) talked the Mexicans into the belief that they were not enemies.

The guerrilla bands around Matamoros were gathering strength every day. Fifty Mexicans well armed, were seen on the 15th, within four miles of the city.

CALIFORNIA. Terrible Story.—Con it be true? Peter Quiver, of Jackson, Mo., writing from California, states a company of twenty-three wagons, a part of Russell's command, were prevented by snow last season from crossing the mountains. Fearing starvation, sixteen of the strongest—eleven males and five females—Agreed to start for the settlements on foot. They wandered about until their provisions were exhausted, and then cast lots to select who should be sacrificed to furnish food; one of the weakest of the party died before it became necessary to resort to the dreadful alternative of killing each other for sustenance. Nine of the men died and seven were eaten. The company went into camp and made meat of their bodies. The company left behind sixty souls, ten of them men, the balance women and children. One of the women was obliged to eat part of the body of her father and brother, and another saw her husband's heart cooked.

EXTRACTS FROM PUNCH.

THE PUZZLED MEMBER.—Oh, I wish I knew what the law was on any subject whatever! I make it, but when I've made it, I can't tell what I've made; no, never! Every law passed one session, the next is sure to be amended; and what that first amendment does is not easily comprehended. But that's a trifle; for then there comes the amendment of the amendment; and, by that time, I've forgotten the original law's intention. And then, to make darkness visible, there's the clause of interpretation, subverting what used to be grammar, when I had my education; knocking masculine into feminine in the most irregular fashion; and confounding plural and singular without the least compassion; cramming Privilege over the fences of Priscian, hurry-scurry; and using the Speaker's mace to brain poor Lindley Murray. And now there's a new invention, worse than all the rest put together—I declare it's a sin and shame to bring that out this weather—for since they've used those infernal Acts of "Consolidation Clauses," I defy any county member to say what any part of the laws is. For every bill that's brought forward we find to our consternation, don't stand by itself, but is tacked on to some lumping "Consolidation." And while before us, in the House, we've the body of the measure, the head and tail have already been stamped with the royal assent and pleasure. And we have at the slightest notion of what it is we're doing; we may be hatching Chartist, or French revolutionaries brewing. It's very disagreeable to feel that we're led by our noses, and put (quite in the dark) through a series of plastic poses. But I can't understand what I'm about, though I use my best endeavor. These Consolidation Clauses! I shall never be up to them, never!

The Ensuing Election.—Persons desirous of becoming candidates for the House of Commons at the ensuing election, are respectfully informed that they can be supplied with principles warranted to wear an entire session. They are made of a new material, so elastic as to be capable of giving to any extent, and adapting themselves to all the changes in fashion that may be required. The much-admired Peel Wrapper is strongly recommended for the use of those who are equally susceptible to hot and cold, while the far-famed Disraeli Dreadnought, for stormy weather, can be had at a considerable reduction, in consequence of its having been soiled and otherwise damaged. A few Protectionist Paleots remaining still on hand must be cleared off at a sacrifice.

POETRY.

KIND WORDS.

What a world of deep sweetness
There is in the tone
That comes to us so kindly
When weary and alone
Unweary'd with the barrel,
What rest could be found,
If I've never cherish'd us
With words that are kind.

The floating of music,
When morning is bright,
May fall on the spirit
Like droppings of light.
For O, they are pleasant
The hymns of the birds
But never, no, never
So sweet as kind words.

I've sat in the shadow
Of twilight's short wing,
And dream'd about angels,
And songs that they sing.
They're lovely—such visions
By fancy combined,
But, O, how much sweeter
Are words that are kind.

Wherever the tempter
Is spreading his snare,
Remember, I charge thee,
Thy brother is there.
And though all degraded,
And sinful and blind,
Thou yet may'st redeem him,
With words that are kind.

A POEM FOR THE PEERS

[FROM PUNCH.]

Hereditary pages, born
To wisdom as to state,
No less with titles that adorn
Than minds that legislate,
Will thou that ordinance maintain—
With Nature's law at strife—
Which, in the Workhouse, parts in twain
An aged man and wife!

This merciless, this harsh decree,
Ye Peers, if ye uphold,
Noble, my Lords, your blood may be,
But it is very cold.
A star may glitter on the hearse,
Which thus at pity moans,
But 'tis an icicle that darts
Its sparkles from a rock.

Go, Lords, to your ancestral tombs,
Where Earl and Countess high,
Together mid Cathedral glooms,
In marble grandeur lie;
There, whilst you bask your hunched breath,
And for your order blush—
There see the feeling, strong in death,
Which you, in life would crush.

And there, proud nobles, learn—if learn
Your understanding can—
That Noble peers to dust must turn,
Like common wife and man.
Respect the feelings of your kind,
The rights your fellows crave;
For, noble lord and poorer hind,
Are Peers within the grave.

ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE.

But I find I must to conclude what I have to say about Sherwood Forest, and that, unfortunately, in a very summary manner. I cannot leave Robin Hood, however, without adding a few words upon his death and burial place. Within four miles of the spot where I am now writing, there was in those olden times, a religious house, called the Nunnery of Kirkstall, at the head of which Robin's cousin was appointed, in the capacity of prior. In his eightieth year, the outlaw, still strong in heart and limb, was journeying thither, and was taken suddenly ill. In his extremity he applied for aid at the nunnery; and tradition says that, in order to please Sir Roger de Doncaster, who was a great man in his neighborhood in those days, he caused him to be led high unto death. When Sir

John heard these sad tidings—for it was soon known to the dependents of the nunnery and the brave old Naylor, who was never away from his master—he forced his way into the chamber of the dying hero, and besought him to authorize the calling together of the band, for the purpose of burning "Kirkstall Hall, and all their nunnery," as the old ballad has it. But the noble outlaw felt that he was closing his earthly accounts, and had no wish to draw any further upon heaven's justice or forgiveness; so he answered Little John in these words—

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But take my bent bow in thy hand,
And a broad arrow let you fly;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave be digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

And there, in the beautiful park of Kirkstall, sleep in the ashes of this venerable patriot. The park is situated upon a high platform, close to Cooper Bridge Station, on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, which commands a magnificent sweep of country—including the fine old hills of Huddersfield, the romantic vale of Calder, and the far off interminable moors, which run but with little interruption along the "Backbone" of England right into North Britain. The grave of Robin Hood is fenced round with iron palisades set in solid stone masonry, and covered with a large slab, brought, most likely, from the grave yard of the nunnery. The headstone contains an inscription, setting forth the valor, generosity, and woodland gifts of the dead. The old Abbey Lodge still stands; and the room in which Robin died, and the window from which the arrow was shot, are still shown to the pilgrim who goes up thither. A part of the ancient history of the abbey is likewise in existence, and remains its former usage; for it is a public house of entertainment for man and beast, and is known by the sign of "The Three Nuns." If that nunnery could rise up to life again, with all its inhabitants and appendages, I wonder what it would say to the "horses and chariots of fire" which rush by it a hundred times daily, between the two great "iron spiders" called Leeds and Manchester.—G. S. Phillips, in the People's Journal.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SUN.
SHOCKING CASE OF TORTURE.

The following sketch of a case of torture, which may appear as incredible as it is horrible, is true in all its particulars.

A short time since, a lady who moves in the highest circles of society in this city, thought she had reason to believe that a colored girl, employed in her family as a domestic, had pilfered various small articles about the house. One morning the lady drew from the Philadelphia Bank the sum of \$22, in four five dollar notes, and the rest in silver. She carefully wrapped the money in the corner of her handkerchief, and for safety pinned it inside the bosom of her dress, which she carefully placed in the wardrobe and put on her dishabille, and proceeded to look after her household.

Several hours elapsed, when all at once she thought herself of her twenty two dollars, which she had laid upon her bureau top, and in breathless haste, ascended to the chamber to get it; but it was nowhere to be found.

That black jade has stolen the money, ejaculated the suspicious woman.

She then hastened to the landing of the stairs and called out at the top of her voice—
"Hetty! Hetty! come here you black hussy."

In the twinkling of an eye the half-frightened daughter of Ethiopia was on the stairs.

"What did you do with the money, you black imp of the devil?"

"I didn't take no money, replied the little girl trembling from head to foot.

"Will you tell me a lie, you hussy! I'll learn you! Walk into the nursery there."

The little girl obeyed the will of her mistress and presently both were in that nursery. The girl was stripped of clothing from head to foot, and the mistress, with all the fury of a maniac, sacrificed her back with the thin end of a cowskin.

Tortured to madness, the girl made several desperate, though vain attempts, to jump from the window, to escape the lash of her cruel tormentor. Finally she said she stole the money, and, being afraid she would be found out, threw the silver down a well, and put the notes in a rat hole in the vault. The rat hole was searched but the notes could not be found.

The husband now arrived home, and after patiently hearing the statement of affairs, spoke at first kindly to the little girl, and she told him a different story. He became vexed and applied the lash on her quivering

back. The blood ran freely, and the sufferer implored for mercy. She was afraid to deny the theft, but her obduracy in telling so many lies to hide it was a matter of surprise. Night at last came and a young man, a relative of the family, returned to supper. He was made acquainted with the facts, and he thought of a plan which would bring the delinquent to a proper sense of her duty—After the family had taken their evening repast, he ascended to the room where the girl slept, bleeding girl was imprisoned, and asked her what she had done with the stolen money?

"Why, said the crying child, I threw part part down the well, and gave the notes to a poor woman, who lives over the way, in—street."

A messenger was despatched, but the woman had been very sick for three weeks, and she, as well as her attendant, denied all knowledge of receiving the money. The young man took a lead cord, and making a slip knot on one end, put the noose around the girl's neck, and said—
"Come along, you black devil you—you shall be hung."

She followed after him, like a sheep going to slaughter, and whilst he was fastening the rope to the hand rail of the stairs, preparatory to pitch her over, she said—
"I have but one request to make."

"What is that? replied the pretended hangman."

"Why, that you will let me say my prayers before I die!"

This unfeeling response operated very feelingly upon the nerves of the young man, and he relinquished his undertaking.

Sometime after, on the same evening, it was thought expedient to send for an alderman. The worthy functionary came and heard the complaint, but there being no positive evidence that the girl was really guilty, refused to send her to prison.

The next morning, the lady of the house resolved to proceed to the Mayor to ask his advice on the subject, and in taking her walking dress from the ward robe, she discovered her handkerchief, with the money in one corner, dangling from the part where she had pinned it the day before. Her visit was of course suspended.

Thus, it will be seen, that a poor little friendless colored girl, honest as the sun which darkened her skin, was almost tortured to death, prompted to admit herself to be a thief—induced to tell many lies respecting the disposal of the money, and all too, by a woman whose elevated position in society, and whose general character for piety, should have at least induced her to adopt less objectionable measures for the sake of honesty and truth.

EASTERN LIFE AND ENGLISH HABITS.

I will here compare the life of a native of Damascus or Beyrout, with that of a Londoner or an inhabitant of Liverpool. The former rises very early in the morning, by five o'clock. If he is a Mahomedan he goes at once to his prayers; if a Christian, to his church. The Mahomedan must pray seven times a day; a Christian three times—morning, evening, and at bedtime; the prayer being "Almaka taken da alrozek," i.e., "Pity helps the livelihood." They drink their coffee, go to their business, go home at noon to their meal; they sit together, eat their kebabs and rice, grapes and figs, drink their sherbet, iced water, and coffee, take their siesta during the heat of the day, go again to their business, and return home by sunset. On his way home, the father of the family brings the mutton, the grapes, the figs, &c., in his basket or handkerchief, and takes his supper, his chief meal, sitting cross-legged, with his wife and children round the table; after which he says, "Allamed Allah!" "Praise be to God!" He takes his coffee, lights his pipe, and is satisfied if what he has earned that day suffice for that day's expense; if not, he takes care that next day less expense shall be incurred. He takes his children to walk at any leisure time, and on festivals. If he is religious, he is very devout; and though his religion is not free from superstition, it is free from infidelity. If he makes money, the first thing he does is to furnish his house with carpets, china, &c. He dresses his wife in Cashmere shawls, jewels, and gold pieces; he makes her his savings bank, and from her receives his property again, if he is in want of it, but only in case of absolute necessity. He marries his son at an early age, keeps him and his wife in his own house as long as he can, and does not part from them till the other sons are of an age to marry. The richest of the sons generally settles as near as possible to his parents; and thus the patriarch may be often seen with his children and grandchildren round him.—Voice from Lebanon.

The public must have read with astonishment the names of the Commissioners selected by Ministers, on the advice of the Lord Advocate, for inquiry into Spanish Marriages. There is an English Bishop, and an Englishman who represents a Scotch County (Mr. J. S. Warty), but not a single Scottish magistrate.

[Remainder on fourth page.]